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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XX. MARCH, 1912. No. 10

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

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A SONG.

WHICH NONE BUT THE REDEEMED CAN SING.

We came not in with broad,
Full canvas swelling to a steady breeze,
With pennons flying fair, with coffers stored;
For long against the wind, 'mid heavy seas,
With cordage strained and splintered masts, we drave;
And o'er our decks had dashed the bitter wave,
And lightening oft our lading, life to save,
Our costly ventures to the Deep were given.
Yea! some of us were caught, and homewards driven
Upon the storm-wind's wings, and some rock-riven
Among the treacherous reefs at anchor flung,
Felt the good ship break under them, and clung
Still to some plank or fragment of its frame
Amid the roaring breakers—Yet we came.

We came not in with proud,
Firm, martial footstep in a measured tread,
Slow pacing to the crash of music loud;
No gorgeous trophies went before, no crowd
Of captives followed us with drooping head,
No shining laurel sceptred us, nor crowned,
Nor with its leaf our glittering lances bound;
This looks not like a Triumph, then they said.
With faces darkened in the battle flame,
With banners faded from their early pride,
Through wind and sun and showers of bleaching rain,
Yet red in all our garments, doubly dyed,
With many a wound upon us, many a stain,
We came with steps that faltered—Yet we came!

Through water and through fire
We came to Thee, and not through these alone,
We came to Thee by blood! Thou didst require
One only sacrifice, and like Thine Own,
The life Thou gavest us Thou didst desire,
And all was ready for us! Lo, the knife
And cloven wood were waiting; bound or free
We, too, were ready! In the battle strife
Or by the lonely altar, unto Thee
We offered love for love, and life for life;
Through swords, through seas, o'er sands of burning flame
We came to Thee! through toil and pain and loss;
Yea! all things failed us but the steadfast cross,
And hearts that clave to it while grief and shame
Still followed where we followed—Yet we came!

—*Dora Greenwell.*

THE APPEAL OF CHRIST.

A COMMUNION ADDRESS.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. ii.

There are times in the life of every man when he realizes his dependence upon a greater than himself, and acknowledges the felt need of support, of encouragement, of rest, in a higher authority than his own. Saint Augustine, in those memorable words, cried out, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart is restless till it rests in Thee." Human nature suffers no essential change through lapse of time, and in the midst of the fret and fever of our modern days we still steal silently into our personal sanctuary, and having shut the door upon the outer world, we give back a responsive echo to

the ancient saint, and repeat, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and my heart is restless till it rests in Thee."

In all its multitudinousness this great big world of ours is often so lonely, and in the weakness of our solitude we remember what we too often forget in the strength of human association, that the Great Companion of souls is waiting for us to seek His face and be comforted.

Man was not made to be alone. In his glad hours of joy, in his great hours of grief, he must needs escape from the prison house of self, and rush to his friend to communicate to him his transport or sob in his presence the sorrow that may not be repressed. It relieves the pent-up feelings thus to disclose them to a cherished and boon companion. Few men, it is true, are worthy, and fewer still are fitted to receive our confidence: only to a chosen spirit are we ready to unveil our secret. By an intuitive faculty we elect a sympathetic soul, and are revived in heart when we leave him with the impress of his personality fresh and vivid upon ours.

Weary with stern encounter with the world, we would hasten to the companionship and unbend before the sweet innocency of little children. Morose and melancholy, we plunge into the vivacious circle of glad minds, where wit and fancy flash and ripple with many a frolicsome gleam. Feeling the burden of life and the power of its temptations, we seek out some pure heart unspoiled and unstained by the contagion of its compromises.

The soul forever seeks a congenial atmosphere for her wings. Have we lost touch with Nature? We would wander in her lonely places until lost harmonies are restored, and we have reconciled ourselves to our first love. Have we in the hurry and press of the day's exacting duties forgotten the habit of devout meditation? We would fence out some precious moments and commune awhile with some old mediæval master of the art until the wells of life are dug anew, until we have once more tasted and seen that the Lord is good.

Often indeed we find in our deeper experiences that even in the midst of friends we are friendless. In other circumstances we would rejoice in their society or be consoled by their presence; but grave chords of life's great music have been struck within us, and, though the number of our friends be great and their affection long tested and tried, yet there are notes which we dare not transmit and to which we know they cannot respond. Then it is perhaps that we find our society with some dead saint of ancient days, and in the quiet of our room we touch—maybe through the fragrant medium of black-letter type—a spirit who yet speaketh words of eternal life, and under the spell of what seems a living influence we find our silent pathway to the Father of all spirits. So it is when we read: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The desire of the heart is made articulate, the soul at its very depths responds to the appealing voice, old phrases that had long been meaningless sing with soft music and become instinct with the very life of life, and our spirits rest in the peace which is hid with Christ in God. With the wonderful power of his human personality, Christ exercises this strange fascination over us. He is one of ourselves, one with ourselves, but, oh, so much greater and purer, so much more graciously tender than we, his vision of the Father is so much clearer, his knowledge of the love of God so much deeper, that in the strength of his faith we are made even in weakness strong. With fine insight Dr. John Watson says that man "has stages wherein he is not ready for Jesus. When he is full of strength and gladness, when he is proud and superior, when he is formal and self-righteous. Unto him by and by are sent hours of discouragement, of darkness, of self-disgust, when he has lost the flush of youth, and has been baffled by the mystery of the ages, and begins to admit that he has failed. It is then for our Master the fulness of time, and He cometh unto a perplexed and beaten man as the morning and as morning songs."

That is a true note beautifully struck which will raise its harmonic in every soul brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Christian faith. Jesus himself, it has always seemed to me, must have been conscious of these needs of mankind, must have known and anticipated our desires, and in taking upon himself the fulfilment of a true Messianic function he deliberately resolved to occupy this vacant place in the religion of the world. He takes a station supreme among that host of gifted men, whom Dr. Martineau describes as "too high not to know their power and deeply care for it, yet only stimulated by it to profounder prayer for light and more absolute consecration to the supreme ends of life. It leads, in all such men, to an escape from petty interests and personal limitation; to a larger grasp of sympathy with the contents and destination of humanity; a superiority to pleasure, gain, and passion, and a devotion to ideal rather than material ends;

so that their inward longing for a living place in the thought and future of mankind is little else than self-identification with the recognized purposes of God. Nothing can be more foolishly cynical than to mistake for vanity and self-exaltation the consciousness of power inseparable from the insight and not less from the veracity of such minds: their genius forbids them to be blind, even to their own relative gifts. But, if they seem to hold them proudly as against pretentious rivals, they hold them humbly, and as a sacred trust, beneath the eye of their great Taskmaster." ("Types of Ethical Theory," vol. ii., pages 209, 210).

Meek and lowly in heart, Jesus, we may suppose, knew his own marvellous power, and in the humility of his greatness uttered the universal invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

These, then, are words that should be very nigh unto us in this communion hour, even in our hearts and in our mouths. For those in trouble of soul, in perplexity of mind, they offer the consolation and conviction of Faith. Disappointed hopes, wounded vanity, baffled endeavors, humiliated pride, when touched by the Spirit of the Master, become instruments of good and messengers of saving grace. If, with the lowliness of loving and beloved disciples, we surrender ourselves to his guidance, he will surely lead us to the Mount of Vision, that we may see his Father and our Father, his God and our God. In him we shall find all difficulties reconciled, all problems solved, all discord harmonized, all strife annulled; joy becomes more deeply joyous because hallowed and sanctified; duty is borne more cheerfully because accepted as his yoke that is easy, his burden light; anguish itself is sweetened and grief assuaged by the memory of what he endured for love of God and human kind; our victory is made more triumphant, our failure more sacred, as we think of One and him crucified, who, even in defeat, proved more than conqueror, and who even in the darkness of death revealed the light of immortality and the glory of the life eternal.

As the unworthy minister of his Gospel, but in his name, I invite you to partake with thanksgiving of this memorial supper, to confess your shortcomings, to pray for God's pardoning mercy, to make or renew your vow of discipleship, and to touch the border of Christ's raiment, that his power may pass into you, and cause you to look forward with wistful, prayerful eyes to that great day when humanity shall "come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—*The Christian Life.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Though God be good and free be heaven,
No force divine can love compel;
And though the song of sins forgiven
May sound through lowest hell,

The sweet persuasion of his voice
Respects thy sanctity of will;
He giveth day, thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still.

—*Whittier.*

Jesus did not invent self-sacrifice. He discovered it,—discovered that self-sacrifice is the great central law of the universe, that this is the heart of God. He obeyed it, loved it, lived it, and gave himself for it. —*S. R. Calthrop.*

Let me pause now and then in the hurry of life to realize what I am, whither bound, and what progress I am making; believe in my possible self in wonder that pulses with appreciation, quickens into resolution, leaps to the attempt, and presses steadily on toward a more and more certain arrival; accept the way and its toil as the blessing of personal opportunity, not the curse of bootless labor; suffer the impossible to go without regret, and allow the possible a little less than all my time, that life may be a dignified advance, rather than a wild scramble; admit the fact that in my path lie both helps and hindrances; but let me judge the storms by their direction, not by their fury, and measure proffered aid beside my need, rather than against my pride. And so, walking with level eyes that can as well appreciate the beauties of the way as avoid its pitfalls, while never losing sight of the road itself or sense of that which waits at its end, let me keep the road home.—*Herbert J. Wyckoff.*

To recognize with delight all high and generous and beautiful actions, to find a joy even in seeing the good qualities of your bitterest opponents, and to admire those qualities even in those with whom you have least sympathy,—be it either the Romanist

or the Unitarian,—this is the only spirit which can heal the love of slander and of calumny.—*F. W. Robertson.*

O Lord, who in infinite wisdom and love orderest all things for thy children, order everything this day for me in thy tender pity. Thou knowest my weakness, who madest me: thou knowest how my soul shrinks from all pain of soul. Lord, I know thou wilt lay no greater burden on me than thou canst help me to bear. Teach me to receive all things this day from thee. Enable me to commend myself in all things to thee; grant me in all things to please thee; bring me through all things nearer unto thee; bring me, day by day, nearer to thyself, to life everlasting. Amen.—*E. B. Pusey.*

Continue the work for the world that the dead ones loved, and so see to it that earth loses as little as possible by their departure.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

The Milton Branch offers the following magazines. Address, Miss Edith S. Tilden, 55 White Street, Milton, Mass. *American Review of Reviews* for 1910, March to December; *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1902–1903; *American Homes and Gardens* for 1906, except September.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. It has been a long time since I wrote to the *Cheerful Letter.* I wish to thank all who have been sending me reading. We have moved to a lonely, remote place, and my children are deprived of school. Will some one send me "Robinson Crusoe" and "Red Riding Hood" for my little boy, and suitable reading for my girl, aged thirteen? We are too poor to buy reading for them. Mrs. Katie Merritt, Critz, Virginia.

2. I am very fond of reading, and would be glad to receive anything that you will send, such as good books, magazines, books for children, or letters, as I have a small baby and have to stay in all the winter. Mrs. C. D. Smith, R. F. D. 1, Campbell, North Carolina.

3. Mr. L. B. Tinsley, 1645 Washington Avenue, Huntington, West Virginia, writes: "I have just received my *Cheerful Letter* for January. Oh, how I do enjoy it, and look forward to its visit each month. Please thank the dear lady in Massachusetts, whose address I have lost, for *Everybody's Magazine* which she has sent me with three other journals which I certainly have enjoyed. I also wish to thank you again for sending me the dear paper, *Cheerful Letter.* With much love from myself, wife, and little son." (Mr. Tinsley has been an invalid since May, 1902.)

4. Mrs. James R. Ware, Sandidges, Virginia, asks for some of E. P. Roe's books.

5. It is impossible for me to express my gratefulness for the nice reading matter received from different ones. I wish to thank them all through the *Cheerful Letter,* as I haven't postage to thank them personally. Miss Lucy Cole, Harrington, Maine.

6. I am always glad to get any reading matter, cards, and letters. My school commenced in October instead of January. I presume it will close in March. We want to have an entertainment the last day. If you have a dialogue book, I should be glad to get one. Miss Annie B. Harris, R. F. D. 1, Box 88, Bumpass, Virginia.

7. I should be glad to receive some good books,—history, botany, and geology all are delightful studies, and books on any of them will be appreciated. I live in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. Reading matter is scarce, and our schools have no maps, globes, charts, or dictionaries. If any of the members of the *Cheerful Letter* could furnish us with such help, we would be very grateful. John T. Sanders, Copeland, Arkansas.

8. Miss M. A. Macomber, Framingham, Mass., asks for elementary text-books in Italian.

9. It has been a long time since I have asked for any reading. I should like the *Ladies' Home Journal* and "St. Elmo," by E. P. Roe. I have five young children, so I do not get much opportunity to hear any

preaching. Please thank the lady for the *Cheerful Letter*. Tell her my address is now Mrs. DeWitt Clay, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

10. Will the person sending the *Cheerful Letter* to Mrs. Jessie Rossmiller kindly notice that her address is now New York Mills, Minnesota, Route 3? She writes, "The paper means so much to me, and has been a great comfort, and I should hate to lose it."

11. Not knowing the name or address of the person, Miss Mitford Quisenberry desires to thank through the *Cheerful Letter* the kind friend who sent her at Christmas "David Copperfield." She greatly appreciates the book, and is eagerly reading it these long winter evenings.

12. I wish to thank all who sent me cards and letters, and to say that I should like to write to all, but am a helpless shut-in, and my husband is able to work but little. We are grateful to all that sent us reading. Would like the book called "Lena Rivers," and would like calendars and wall cards for the Prison at Windsor. Send direct to W. S. Lovell, Windsor, Vermont, marked for the prison cells. Will some one please send books suitable for a boy of nine? His father is dead, and we have so far kept the town caring for him. Christian books, tracts, or good reading will be gratefully received and passed on. Mrs. Roy Cowles, Box 36, West Derby, Vermont.

13. Mr. J. Lynwood Badger, St. Albans, Maine, will be glad of reading and letters.

14. Mrs. Fannie Tarlton, Wingate, North Carolina, Route 2, asks for reading for herself and husband.

15. Ever since receiving the *Cheerful Letter*, I have wanted to thank the kind friend who sends it. I certainly enjoy and appreciate it very much. I have all my own work to do, two babies to look after, and have been sick, else I would have acknowledged it before. My husband gets a very small salary for superintending a place, and we cannot afford a daily paper even. I should appreciate *Good Housekeeping*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Outlook*, or *Literary Digest*. Indeed I will be thankful and appreciate any reading matter. I live four miles in the country, have no near neighbors, and seldom get anywhere. I am devoted to reading. Mrs. John W. Bryant, R. D. 3, Trenton, South Carolina.

16. Mrs. E. A. Clark, Levant, Maine, is just recovering from an operation, and will be glad of light reading.

AT REST.

Mrs. Harriet C. Tate, Shark, Arkansas.

Mrs. Jennie W. Dunning, Main St., Brunswick, Maine.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MANNERS.

There was a time, as the present generation may be surprised to hear, when the good manners of our people attracted the notice and respect of strangers. Things have changed now.

Not long since a young lady from Paris entered a Boston car to find standing room only. All right! She stood. Soon a man and woman left. She sat down, as it happened, in the man's seat. Car starts. Man returns, having left only to escort his partner to the pavement. "Madam," to the French lady, "that is my seat." He takes it and sits down.

I met the other day in Boston a boy with a heavy parcel which had been misdirected. He had been told to go into the first alleyway "on the left" from Winter Street, instead of to the first "on the right." The address was to a well-known firm, but he was fresh and did not know it. So I took him back, started him on his way, and he found the place. But it never occurred to him that he was to thank me. He never expressed any sort of thanks. His place was to go to that place, and he went there. He would as soon have gone to thank the sign-painter as me.

When I buy a paper on a railway train, I always read it carefully, and, when the newsboy passes me again, I give it back to him, saying, "Some one else may like this." In twenty instances, when I have done this, this summer, one boy only has recognized the fact that I did it. In the other nineteen cases, the boy has accepted the paper without a smile, a nod, a wink, or a word.

A few days ago I took my seat in the street car with a bag of peaches. I ate one myself, and asked the boy next me to eat one. This he did—gladly, I think. But it never occurred to him to thank me by a word or sign, or to show that I had given him any pleasure.

The lack of manners is increasing in America. And how shall the children, now wholly ignorant, be taught?

The stereotype answer is to relegate such questions to the public day schools. "Order it into the schools, as you do temperance and cooking, and the driving of nails." I am doubtful about this. Good manners are not matters of intellect or of physical training. They belong to conscience and the affections. They are matters of the heart rather than of the head.

I should rather, then, appeal to the directors of Sunday-schools. Good manners belong to the code of virtues. They are not accomplishments, they are duties. He commits high treason against virtue who makes it disagreeable. I see with great pleasure that the Salvation Army understands this. In their capital book of instructions, prepared for their recruits, there are very good suggestions as to good manners. And, when you meet those recruits, you are sure that you meet gentlemen or ladies.

Yet there are streets within half a mile of where I write, which I cannot pass through without being sure of insult from the hulking boys who hang about on the sidewalks. All of these boys go to the public schools. The truant officer would have them if they failed. Ninety-five in a hundred go to Sunday-schools. Could a portion of time there be better occupied than in asking them why they revile strangers or throw stones at them? Might they not at least be made to see that such conduct inflicts a stain on the form of religion in which they are educated?

Thousands of public-school teachers will read these words, and thousands of them will say they are ill-natured. May I ask one or two of them to ask their scholars whether it is thought mean-spirited to say, "I thank you"? It would be a good thing, in some vacant space of ten minutes, if the older boys and girls could be made to say what they think of the decline of manners.

But far better than such an appeal as this would be talks in the intimacy and tenderness of Sunday-school classes. Have I not hundreds of readers who will look at this article on Sunday morning who are willing to tell their pupils in the Sunday-school what are some of the questions involved in it, and who are willing to guide them to right conclusions as they consider those questions?—*Edward E. Hale.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A TRIBUTE TO BOB FROM HIS MASTER.

Bob lived in Morgantown, West Virginia. His master was Prof. W. P. Willey of the law department of the West Virginia University. The rest is told in what follows, except the fact that Bob was poisoned by some secret enemy who was base enough to stoop to so cruel and dastardly a deed. A photograph was sent us by Prof. Willey, and the tribute we give as it appeared in *The Athenæum:*—

"Before dismissing the class I want to take a moment or two to refer to a long-time member of the law department, who has recently retired. I should have referred to it before this, but I could not trust myself. I can no longer be silent and honor his memory as it deserves.

"You all knew him, and I think you all loved him. He has met with the law class here regularly for the last four years. He is known, and his name is familiar to the hundreds who have come in and gone out over the State. His face is familiar in all of the class pictures of that time. He was my best friend.

"Bob has gone to heaven!

"You say he was but a dog. But he was more than a dog. He was of a noble character. There never was a better friend in the world—a truer, more loving friend in this world than Bob. He would have died for me.

"For four years he was at my side almost every moment in the day except when I was absent from Morgantown. He was the first person to greet me in the morning and the last to kiss me good-night: too polite to kiss my face, he stood up and gave my ear a loving lick and went wagging off to bed. His morning greeting was not that of the ordinary dog, but as courtly and warm and graceful as any seen in a drawing-room—and more sincere. He knew that I was his friend and that he was my friend; and that tie of friendship was as surely written in his soul as any words ever written in a book.

"Yes, Bob was more than a dog. He was more intelligent than some men—more sympathetic, more appreciative, more responsive, more companionable in many ways. He was always interested in everything I did—observed it closely and intelligently, and showed his satisfaction with the result.

"He knew the English language as no other dog ever did. I could talk to him with the same freedom that I would to a person. He looked me intently in the eye till he understood me perfectly. If he were lying on the rug in the parlor and the conversation turned on him, he would raise his head and listen till he was satisfied. I was sitting on the pavement in the warm summer evening and Bob was begging me to take a walk with him. He persisted with much barking and tugging while I pushed him away, saying it was too

warm to walk. Presently I said, with a good deal of emphasis, 'I can't go, Bob: I have no coat.' He immediately turned about, went to the house, and presently came trotting downstairs with my coat in his mouth. Then I surrendered, and we walked.

"Who that knew Bob did not recognize that he was more than a dog? Did anybody ever see a more intelligent face in any animal, man or beast? Did anybody ever see a thing of life, a more perfect, a more beautiful specimen of animal in all his parts?

"And Bob was raised a gentleman. He belonged to a distinguished family of dogs in Baltimore,—the most aristocratic family, it is said, in the State of Maryland. And he was raised by one whom I esteem the most of a lady of all the beautiful ladies of that city. Why should he not have been a gentleman? You will bear me witness that you have never seen Bob guilty of any act of impoliteness that would offend the most fastidious in this present or, indeed, any company in the world.

"I loved that dog, because he was worthy of love. And, the more I compare him with men, the more I love and revere the memory of Bob. And the man who gave Bob poison will go to a worse place than Bob has gone. I hope and believe I shall meet Bob somewhere in the great beyond; but I do not want to meet the man who murdered him—we could not live in the same place.

"The other night Bob was not in my study curled up at my feet as he usually was. I noticed that as an unusual thing. About ten o'clock I heard him clambering up the stairway that leads to my study, falling down and getting up by turns. I thought some one had given him something to carry up to me, as was frequently done, and that it was most impossible to look at the little imp and not smile.

"But I shall never forget the pathetic look he gave me as he entered the door and fell at my feet. He at once had all the help that one friend could give another in an extremity. I finally took him to the parlor, turned up the fire, and said, 'Lie here on the rug, Bob.' He lay down, turned up his eyes at me, and never removed that pleading look till suddenly he arose to his feet, staggered a few steps, lay down on his side, and, with a little shudder, that beautiful creature passed to some other clime.

"With my hand on his heart, I felt the final throb. And I said: 'Good-bye, Bob. I do not know where you have gone, but I will look for you and search for you among the mysteries of the hereafter. It cannot be that so noble a creature is snuffed out like a candle.'"

My dog! the difference between thee and me
Knows only our Creator—only He
Can number the degrees in being's scale
Between the instinctive lamp, ne'er known to fail,
And that less steady light of brighter ray,
The soul which animates thy master's clay;
And He alone can tell by what fond tie.
My look thy life—my death thy sign to die.
. . . . . .
No! when that feeling quits thy glazing eye
'Twill live in some blest world beyond the sky.

(*Lamartine.*)

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

NOBLE LIVES.

II.

ELIZABETH HYDE BOTUME.

(DIED NOV. 11, 1904, AGED 82.)

"Bring lilies with full hands."

Last Sunday we met to say farewell to one whose life has been connected with some of the most wonderful and romantic features and incidents of the history of the nineteenth century.

A whole generation has grown up since the time of the Civil War, and the events of that period, so vivid to those who can recall them, are either unknown to many of the present day or sound like ancient history.

It is just forty years this month since Elizabeth Botume left Boston to begin her work among the newly freed colored people of South Carolina. For forty years her life has been consecrated, with patience, loyalty, and fidelity unswerving. At the time that her mission began, she had cause to think that but a few years remained to her, and for that reason she wished that the brief period might be filled with useful service.

Old Fort Plantation near Beaufort, on the Sea Islands of South Carolina, was her station. This was a place of historic interest and great natural beauty. The old fort which gave its name to the plantation was built in 1562, and parts of it are still to be traced, showing where Capt. Jean Ribault and his army landed. Nehemiah Adams was a guest here, and wrote a portion of his book, "A Southside View of Slavery," seated under a beautiful "live oak," which was shown to visitors for many years. Not much more than ten years after this Col. Higginson, standing under the shade of the same oak, read President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation to the colored inhabitants of the place, who, of

their own accord, broke out into the hymn "My Country, 'tis of thee," as soon as he had finished.

In the old house on this plantation, stripped of its furniture, its windows shattered, the three Northerners were quartered: Miss Botume, a young woman from New York, and the man who had been made superintendent of that part of the island.

Miss Botume says: "My first night spent in this old, deserted plantation house was full of troubled dreams. The novel and isolated position, with remembrance of the stories I had been listening to of its past and recent history, with the sighing of the wind and dashing of the waves against the shore, all combined to weave around me strange and fantastic visions. But the early morning brought a healthy reaction, for there was work enough to do."

From the house they could see the Northern gunboats lying peacefully in the bay, for their protection; and rations were served out to them as to the soldiers. Miss Botume had brought with her a bed-sack, which she filled with corn husks, and so rejoiced in comparatively comfortable sleeping accommodations.

In 1892 Miss Botume published a little book, narrating her early experiences, called "First Days among the Contrabands," a book which will grow more and more valuable as years go on; one of the *Mémoires pour servir*.

One of the most startling of these early experiences came when she began her school by trying to write a list of the scholars' names. The next day apparently none of these was present, and soon she discovered that they practically had no names, but gave any name that they chose to assume. So the first thing to teach them was to choose a name and keep it, and then to have a family name for all members of the same family. This they called their "title."

Another obstacle to the usual methods of school-keeping was the lack of timepieces. The two watches belonging to the teachers were not available for outside service, and, except these, there was neither watch, clock, bell, nor anything "to go by." The dial of the negroes was "W'en de first fowl crow"; "At crack of day"; "W'en de sun stan' straight overhead"; "At frog-peep"; "W'en fust star shine"; "At flood tide," or "ebb tide," or "young flood," "On las' moon" or "new moon." Miss Botume tried telling her scholars to come to school "after breakfast," but that was of no use, for they had no "breakfast." When they were hungry, they went and ate out of the hominy-pot. So she had to say, "Come as soon as you are up." After that the whole school surrounded her door, early every morning, waiting to escort her to the school-house. The men and women were as anxious to be taught as the children. None could read one letter of the alphabet, and they hurried to the school-house at any time they had a spare half-hour, expecting to "catch a lesson."

On Christmas a box from friends at the North had been expected, but there was great delay in delivering freight at that time, and it did not arrive in season. So Miss Botume presented each child with a needle; and she said afterward that she had never seen children more delighted with the most beautiful Christmas presents than these poor children were with one needle.

On Christmas Day the school-house was dressed with evergreens and gray moss, and a meeting of all the neighborhood collected for a religious service. Miss Botume told the church leaders to conduct the service as if she were not present, so they first had a hymn and a prayer; but then the leader asked her to preach to them. She answered that there was but one sermon fitting the occasion, so she read the whole of the Sermon on the Mount, first explaining the meaning of the evergreen decorations, the cross and wreaths. They gave breathless attention, ejaculating now and then, "My Lord! is dat so?" By this time the entire audience was aroused and ready to pray and sing all night! The next morning several women called to thank her for her "beautiful preachment."

Besides being school teacher and pastor, Miss Botume had to act as parish doctor.

The most touching stories were told of the patience of the negroes under severe suffering, and the simple, childlike religious faith with which they met overwhelming sorrows and losses.

One poor woman was brought to Miss Botume who had been a valuable house servant and cook on a plantation in Georgia. Some of the other negroes belonging to her master ran away when the Civil War began. Lest she should escape, heavy iron shackles were put on her feet. At night she was locked into the cornhouse. When Sherman's army approached, the family fled, leaving her locked up, to take her chances of escape or starvation. Fortunately her moans were heard by some stragglers, who broke down the door and carried her with them, but had no means at hand to remove the shackles. Her feet

were in a fearful state, the iron bands having worn deep into the flesh, but she did not complain. Miss Botume writes:—

"Thank God, Missis," she said, the first time I saw her (she had crawled to the house, and was lying on the piazza). "Thank God, I'se found freedom at last. Dear bressed Lord Jesus! I t'ink I mus' give up 'fore I git here, but dem people tell me de school missis would help me."

She was removed to Beaufort, where she had the best medical care. To our expressions of pity, she invariably replied,—

"O Missis! 'taint no matter, I ain't min', an' I is so happy, I is free now, an' de Big Massa knows."

In one cabin Miss Botume found a man in a most wretched condition. Years before he had fallen from a building and broken his back. In the vicissitudes of war he was left alone and destitute. He was grateful for the few scraps thrown him like a dog in his kennel. He was able to use only his hands, and had to roll over and over on the floor to move from one place to another. Miss Botume had his cabin cleaned and whitewashed, and fresh, clean clothes put on him. He tried in vain to find words to express his gratitude. She says: "In all my interviews with him, I never heard a word of complaint, although his sufferings must have been extreme."

"Bless the Lord, Missis!" he said, "'taint no use to fret about it, for it can't be helped; and I ain't all the time so racked about wid pain as I used to bin. Sometimes at night I'se so painful I can't shet my eye, and den I look out de door, up at de stars, and t'ink dem de eyes of de Lord, looking straight down at me. An' I 'member what de white folks tell me: 'De Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not wan'; for in course I is his little sheep, an' I is so glad! It 'pears like de pain don't hurt me no more. I done forget it altogedder."

It is easy to begin work among the conditions described; but the patience and perseverance which carries it on, forty long years among all kinds of difficulties and discouragements, are more valuable qualities than the early zeal and enthusiasm.

Ten years later, in 1874, Miss Botume's pastor, James Freeman Clarke, with his wife, made a visit to her, and felt great pleasure in seeing the wonderful improvement already attained. Orderly ranks of children went through their lessons in the school-house, and the other people were living in their own dwellings, peacefully and industriously cultivating their little fields of cotton and maize.

Every winter but one since 1864 has the beloved and faithful teacher lived among those who may be called her parishioners; an influence for good that no tongue can tell. The one exception was the winter of 1902–03, when she was detained by ill-health in her Northern home.

In 1901 I had the pleasure of visiting her in Beaufort,—a memory always to be cherished. Many changes had taken place; the death of old friends interested in her work, and especially of her pastor, to whose heart the welfare of her school was always very near, had greatly hampered her. But against all discouragement and difficulty she toiled on. Each spring she feared that her failing strength would not permit her to return to Beaufort in the fall; but every autumn found her at her post, surrounded by the love and reverence of those to whom she had given herself so many years.

The children and grandchildren of her first scholars were now her pupils. In times of distress and calamity the young men who had grown up under her care became a committee to visit and care for the sick and suffering; the women were her faithful and efficient assistants. Some of her scholars had become students at Hampton, and were themselves teachers. So modestly and quietly had she labored that only incidentally did the full extent of the good she had wrought appear. Once we were speaking of the tendency to immorality which is the failing of many of the colored race. She paused, and said, "But I don't want you to think that this applies to my scholars: none of the young girls brought up in my school have gone astray."

One touching story shows the feeling of the negroes in regard to their friend. They imagined that the older ones who had been Miss Botume's first scholars, and who had since died, now kept watch about the place every night to shield and protect her. "I saw Uncle Smart Washington leaning on the gate the other night," one said. No doubt the shadows cast by the boughs of the live-oak trees waving in the wind aided this superstition.

If those who have fed the hungry and clothed the naked hear the welcome "Come, ye blessed of my Father," what shall be said to those who for forty long years have not only clothed and fed the body, but have given to Christ's little ones the bread and the water of life.

When we reverently lay flowers on the graves of those who gave their lives for

the life of the nation, shall we not leave a fragrant tribute of gratitude for those whose work has been so silent, unseen, patient, and faithful, through a lifetime?—those who have strengthened and fed minds, hearts, and souls and have transformed ignorant little savages into useful, self-respecting, and upright citizens?

"Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave."

L. F. C.

FROGS AS POLICEMEN.

Have you ever noticed near the side of the pond masses of little eggs about the size of a pea which float on the surface of the water and generally lie on the long grass at the edge of the pond?

If you ever find these eggs go back to the place in a few days and you will see in their places numbers of funny little creatures, with very big heads and flat, thin tails, which make them look a little bit like fishes. These black creatures are called tadpoles. They grow very fast, because they grow a great deal. Little legs grow out of the sides of the body, the tail disappears, and the animal is no longer a tadpole.

ENGLISH SKYLARKS IN WOODS.

MANY VARIETIES OF BIRDS BROUGHT TO THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY.

Dr. Charles McCutcheon, a wealthy retired physician of Tacoma, according to the *Ledger* of that city, has maintained, for the last five years, a large aviary in which he rears song birds from Europe and turns them loose in the fields and woods of the North-west. Dr. McCutcheon was born in England.

To-day English skylarks are singing in the meadows of Puget Sound, and linnets, goldfinches, bullfinches, throstles, and English blackbirds are seen and heard all over the country west of the Cascade Mountains. Every day Dr. McCutcheon receives word that some of his birds have been seen, and as far away as fifty miles goldfinches are nesting and rearing their young. The kindly act of Dr. McCutcheon has been appreciated by every man, woman, and child in the State, and the State legislature went so far as to pass stringent laws protecting the song birds.

Five years ago Dr. McCutcheon brought fifty birds of each variety from Liverpool and established a private aviary at his home. The first winter he lost half his flock, but, when spring came, he released the remainder, and soon reports came to him of observations being made to prove that his imported birds were nesting. Every year since he has imported more birds, and this spring released five hundred birds of seven varieties.

"There is a lack of singing birds in the Puget Sound country," said Dr. McCutcheon, "and the first thing a stranger notices about the wide stretches of timber land in the West is the absence of singing birds. The great forests of tall trees are still as a church auditorium and not a jay disturbs the quiet."

The Tortoise Beetles, as they are familiarly called from their shape, are leaf-eating insects. One pretty species is found in abundance on the common morning-glory. It is of the most brilliant golden lustre, when living, though when dead it changes to a dull red hue. The young are oval, dark colored grubs, with a fringe of stiff prickles along the edge of the body, and a forked tail, with which they hold over their backs a mass of dirt, which perhaps serves as a sun-umbrella. —*Insects Injurious to Vegetation.*

A BABY SHOW.

Over the green lawns of the Boston suburbs scamper great gray squirrels, waving their plumy tails in the triumph of their undisputed rights. For these creatures, with their quick movements and saucy chatter, enjoy welcome freedom of the ground, and they store their harvest without thought of tax or dispossession. That they have their cares and forethought is evident by their careful attention to business and accumulation of wealth. That there is also matronly pleasure and pride of family in these tree households is shown by the experience of a lady who lives in a suburban town.

The lady had made a pet of one of the fine gray squirrels which dwelt on her premises. She would sit on her piazza and feed the pretty creature from her hand. The squirrel soon became quite fearless and would stay about its friend, and even curl up in her lap, but was always alert to dart off at the approach of another person.

One day the lady was sitting on her veranda when she noticed her pet making its way across the grass, followed by three fat and fluffy balls of gray fur.

Up to the piazza came the big squirrel, tak-

ing the steps with graceful leaps. In vain the babies tried to surmount the troublesome obstacles. Their legs were too short and their strength too small, and, every time they tried to jump up a step, back they fell in futile little heaps. In vain the mother urged, the Hill of Difficulty was too steep.

The eager watcher appreciated the situation. The proud parent had brought her little ones to show her friend.

The lady wrote an account of the circumstance to a famous naturalist who is beloved by all Americans. In answer he told her that he would have given much to have had anything as beautiful and touching come to him. —*Youth's Companion.*

Education is a life-work, and not a matter to be crowded into a few early years. The learner must in most matters be also the teacher: to know is to observe, to understand, and to delineate —*Albion Tourgée.*

No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low,
For God hath writ all dooms magnificent.

Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
Gives all to them who all renounce.

That book is good
Which puts me in working mood.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.

One mild day in early (*short street in Boston*), a party of eight boys and girls decided to take a tramp in the woods. One of the girls, (*city in Georgia*), was dressed in (*mountains of Vermont*); her sister (*city in Australia*) wore a (*mountains in New Hampshire*) sweater; (*small town in Western Massachusetts*) wore a (*hills near Boston*) suit, and (*one of the Southern Coast States*) had a long (*sea named in Bible*) cloak. Of the boys, (*river in Scotland*), a Princeton Sophomore, wore a (*sea in Europe*) sweater with (*city in New Jersey*) letters; (*city in Australia*) and (*river in Massachusetts*) walked together, both dressed in dark (*river in Scotland*). (*Lake in New York*) was on the (*cape in North Carolina*) for hunting, and so carried a (*historic town in Virginia*), of which his sister (*city in Georgia*) had considerable (*cape in North Carolina*). "He hasn't let it out of his sight," she explained to the other girls, "since (*river in South Carolina*) brought it to him, and he expects to have many a (*small river near Cambridge, Eng.*) with it." —*The Beacon.*

II.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In jumble, but not in serge.
In anarchist, but not in contempt.
In cadence, but not in rake.
In kick, but not in urban.
In sapsago, but not in year.
In obolus, but not in fire.
In nineteen, but not in retire.

My *whole* is the names of three Presidents of the United States.

III.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

N	O	L	A	C	E	W	A	C	N	H
I	S	H	O	L	L	D	L	N	J	O
D	S	E	U	N	A	R	E	O	S	K
A	M	M	A	J	N	D	W	J	A	C

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of three American statesmen born in March may be spelled.

Answers to puzzles in February number.

I. SHAKESPEAREAN TANGLE.

LAERTES
PORTIA
DUNCAN
MARGARET
GRIFFITH
ELBOW
OLIVIA
CALIBAN
ANTONIO
CROMWELL

Path, Longfellow.

II. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Washington.

III. AMERICAN STATES.—New Jersey, North or South Carolina, Oregon, Washington, Mississippi, Ohio, Maryland, Illinois.

IV. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—Edward Everett, Frederic T. Greenhalge, Horace Gray, John Adams, Nelson A. Miles.

V. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Boutwell, Washburn.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, March 1, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.